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The Next Four Years

IN THE post-election lull—it comes very near being a vacuum—some reflection and analysis concerning the next four years of our history is surely in order. No one can doubt that the decisions taken in Washington during these four years will be vitally important to the United States, as a community, and to the world; yet those decisions are strictly limited by what the realities of our environment make possible. The sky is not the limit. And this remains true even if Mr. Roosevelt is utterly determined never to run for the Presidency again and therefore feels freer to act because he does not have to worry about his political fences. In other words, he, like any other executive head of a great modern state, cannot greatly outstrip public sentiment, for if he does, his program will be nullified.

But quite apart from any so general a sociological principle (one remembers Alexander Pope's advice to poets concerning the new and the old, which would have been better had it been addressed to politicians) there are entirely specific reasons within the Democratic Party why the President has not a free hand. The assumption that all American big business is on the Republican side is a false assumption. Southern big business, the might of which has been steadily increasing, and the symbol of which is Mr. Jesse Jones, belongs to the Democratic Party and can present its bill for payment with almost as much justification as can Brother Hillman's PAC. Indeed one of the first acts of the President after election day was to let it be known that he intended to appoint two of Jesse Jones's lieutenants to the agency which will dispose of surplus war plants. The way this was done would lead you to suspect that Mr. Roosevelt was hoping he would get enough protests to enable him to change his mind. But it is obvious that Mr. Jones still has great power with the Administration, and that the Administration will consider him and the economic point of view he represents in all of its decisions. To suppose that the Democratic Party has been handed over, lock, stock and barrel, to the CIO and is in any way committed to the excellent social and economic program formulated by the PAC is to run counter to the facts of life.

Those who fear and distrust monopoly capitalism had best not rest on their laurels and think that because Mr. Dewey was defeated their job is done. There is likelihood that just as much successful pressure by big business interests will be brought to bear on government during Mr. Roosevelt's fourth term as would have been brought to bear on Mr. Dewey. In fact it could be even more successful and effective now than it would have been after a Republican victory, for the watchdogs are likely to be caught off guard, dozing in a false security. Dr. New Deal, let us remember, has been declared dead by the very man who invented him.

Those Americans, therefore, who really want to see progressive legislation and the establishment of a sound economy for their country—and we feel sure that Mr. Roosevelt's own natural inclinations are in this direction—must be particularly quick, now, to watch the play of pressures in Washington and to protest loudly when they see the wrong pressures winning out. Only thus can they free the President's hands.

The brief lame duck session, made up of the same Congress as has afflicted us for many months, will certainly not have any business but the most essential and pressing laid before it. The Administration's plans and projects will most of them not be submitted for Congressional action until 1945, when the indications are that a better Congress will be sitting. That gives us a six weeks' breathing spell in which to rally our thoughts and clear our minds of campaign verbiage. Meanwhile programs for the future will begin to take shape, and the shape they take will to some extent be determined by what sort of pressure progressive citizens stand ready to apply.

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Findings on Cartels

THE brief summaries of the findings of the Kilgore Committee published in most of our leading newspapers highlighted the sections dealing with the German aspect of the question. The chief emphasis in these news stories was placed on the various measures recommended to prevent the rebirth of a new German economic empire in foreign lands under Dutch, Swiss, Swedish and Latin American firm names. The fact that the American press the day before had reported the transfer of vast capital sums to Argentina by agents for Dr. Goebbels and other nazi leaders now tends to focus all eyes on the threat of a new German secret rearmament to be carried on in other lands. All along it was the effect of patent agreements on our own war production which has given the word *cartel* so bad a name in the United States. The idea of postwar American, British, Anglo-American or even Russian cartels has not alarmed us.

Yet a second element in the report of the Kilgore Committee—the part which most of the newspapers seem to have played down—points to the restrictionist effect which cartels have always had, regardless of their nationality. The report dubs the practice of "a few big concerns" which "made international economic treaties of their own" as the antithesis of genuine democracy and international collaboration. That is fairly high-flown rhetoric, but it is supported by a substratum of solid facts.

Much more definite are the committee's findings as to the aforementioned restrictive effects of cartels on production and trade. Setting forth as an essential objective a fifty percent increase in American production of peacetime goods to meet postwar consumers' needs, stabilize our economy and provide employment, the committee would abolish cartels in the interest of attaining that goal. "Outlawing of the international cartel system" is "a first step to clear the way for a new expansionist era in foreign economic relations." Instead of permitting private agreements and cartels these Senators favor a wide extension of reciprocal trade agreements.

So forthright an opposition to cartels at this juncture is all to the good. For while we are still in a good bargaining position it serves notice to the British, the Russians and other interested parties that the United States refuses to enter into agreements which will curtail production, impede expansion and generally steer the world unerringly toward a new economic crisis. Call the arrangement by any name you will. American corporations must henceforth be prevented from making international agreements which pool patents, divide up markets and by limiting production hasten business collapse. The American people are now committed to an economy of abundance.

Stalin and Unity

IT IS striking how broad-scale political movements tend to create for themselves a characteristic rhetorical style. Especially is this the case when such movements are highly centralized and deeply integrated. Joseph Stalin's Moscow address of November 6 is an outstanding specimen of what could be called the Russian Soviet style. Its technique is at once simple and complex. You pound away at the great achievements of the Revolution or of Russia, with the elemental rhythm of two workmen hammering in a railway spike. Thus twenty of his paragraphs antiphonally celebrate the ten blows dealt the enemy by Russian arms—first the blow is described; then its effects are stated. First Dominic whams the spike from the north; then Pat belabors it from the south. The overall effect is one of great power, under beautiful control.

But once this relatively simple rhythm reaches its term, a development into complexity is needed, if only for variety's sake. The precarious question of unity among the United Nations is woven into a veritable fugue—point counter point. And delicately, almost playfully, Japan is classed among the aggressors. The theme of unity comes back—in more masculine form—and then the drums roll out for a crashing coda: "Long live our victorious Red Army! Long live our glorious Navy! Long live the Soviet working people! Long live our great motherland! Death to the German fascist invaders!" You almost wonder whether the ballet is not one of the formative elements in this Soviet rhetoric. And you wonder a little how much the rhetoric has to do with events, as during the same week you watch what goes on in China, in Persia, in Finland, in Italy. But at least the rhetoric has one great merit—it closes no doors, it slams no gates behind it.

Another for the Co-ops

IT IS a long and involved story but consumers cooperation in Ohio has taken another big stride forward with the $2,115,000 purchase of the Ohio Midland Power Company. Chief obstacle was the Associated Gas and Electric, the former owner, which sought to sell these properties to a private operator for $100,000 less than the co-ops had bid. The three rural electric cooperatives concerned believe that their new facilities will now enable them to service 4,000 farmers whose lands had been considered by the private utilities to be located in an area which was "too sparse for profit." It enables the purchaser to integrate Ohio Midland's with their own adjacent 2,400 miles of lines. Rates per kilowatt hour will be cheaper for present customers and the co-ops' first action in taking over was to reduce the "connection charge" from $300 to $5.

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Pathetic Fallacy

THERE is no point in trying to know why it happens. One certainly is not asleep but the eyes are closed and I have never seen any snakes but of course there are these faces; they form there in the darkness; sometimes they are very beautiful but not often and never for long; they always change, they are always in motion, in slow motion, dissolving until there is only left an eye staring, and then nothing. Nothing for a while, perhaps explosions of light; then the light fades as the faces earlier, and soon whatever happens does not matter for there is only a shape on the bed unconscious of war and peace and it is only for the night clerk to know what is there and he will not know until morning whether what is there is alive or dead.

That is the way it is with the Armenians and the Greeks, possibly with the pygmies, assuredly with the Chinese, the Japanese, the Germans, the French. In the Broadway-Seventh Avenue Subway car between Seventy-second Street and Times Square a sailor is sitting next to an old man with a beard who is reading a book. The sailor is drunk. He puts an arm round the old man's shoulders; he moistens the forefinger of his right hand and turns the pages of the old man's book hoping that there will be pictures. It does not matter whether the sailor will go to sleep before the old man goes to sleep; or when either of them will sleep, or where. There are all the people in the men's hotels along the Bowery, the people in the Ritz Towers, the buyers in the hotels near the garment industry, the servicemen everywhere, and all the families throughout the city who have put the children to bed. Also a great number of hospitals in which—even if the trucks go by all night—there is sleep or there is death; here in these hospitals the parenthood between the two is more easily discernible, but otherwise it makes no difference, it is always at night everywhere the same withdrawal into nothingness. Now I lay me down to sleep. After that I am powerless. All the work had to be done before and everything will have to be done again if there is a dawn. If there is a dawn the dawn will rise over Ravenna as it will over Harlem in New York, over the Polish ghettoes, over the barracks in the German prison camps, over the battlefields, over the seas with the gray ships in line proceeding. But until there is a dawn there is only this entrance into the night.

Accompanied by snakes, faces, or kaleidoscopes, and explained or not—explainable or not—it is an interesting moment, and one occasionally participated in, with complete disregard for the pathetic fallacy, by nature. Indeed it is only because man does not synchronize his own night with nature's night that this romantic error is avoided.

Not always. It had been raining off and on all day. When it was not raining there was a heavy mist over the river and at Yonkers you could barely see the *Gripsholm* lying at anchor and further up the river the hills came close to the river but you could only see the base of the hills. In the late afternoon at Cold Spring the mist lifted but the clouds still were low. It was certain that the autumn foliage had been very bright; it was certain that the hills were colored, the wooded hills which rise sharply round the village and across the Hudson, that is to say they were of course no longer green, they were not gray as they will be in winter, and, looking at them, you knew that they were bright with the autumn colors. Just as you know that a house is painted white or red. But in the dull light it was no more than knowledge. The leaves on the street were colored leaves. It was no more than that. You knew also that if a plane were flying high above the rain clouds it would be in the sunlight and the clouds which were gray from beneath would be bright from above. It did not do so much good to know about the autumn colors because even if they were there they were dead.

There was no sunset. There had been no sun all day. The afternoon was supposed to merge into the evening, the gray clouds would be visible no longer because it would be night. But that is not what happened. The earth turned, calculable incidences of angles, a play of refraction, brought this village in the Hudson Valley into such position that the yellow house on Chestnut Avenue stood between a red house and a white house and every tree on the avenue, the hills behind the houses, the hills across the river, the clouds above the village, the air itself unlimited by any form, were held for a moment in color. Color held all things. The blood ran to the brain, to the eye; there was this instant in which the village was seen through blood. That is being very careful, because, after all, it was the village which was entering the night; the trees, the clouds, the hills were entering the night, it was the world, limited to an American village, which was entering the night. For a moment before it entered the night there was this color, this sudden illumination and everything was held in this intensity of color. Then there was darkness. The heavy clouds no longer seen; no stars; the hills, the river, the village had entered the night.

Next morning, in fact, there was a dawn. So that it was not the end of everything. But at the time one could not wait for the dawn. At the time it seemed very necessary to disassociate oneself from any over-dramatic proceedings of nature. So that it was a pleasure to find Mr. Delaney in the village bar who had not noticed the sunset.

C. G. PAULDING.

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London Commentary

Social insurance — Bretton Woods — European malnutrition

J. L. Benvenisti

AMONG the most interesting things that have taken place during these four epoch-making months is the planning out (on paper, at any rate) of our social security system. It started out with the White Paper on employment policy which was published shortly before D Day and this has just been followed by the proposals for social insurance complete with a scheme for family allowance. This also is another "White Paper," which means that the Government thinks it a good idea and will get down to doing something about it when the opportunity occurs. Of course all these White Papers must be seen in the light of the contemporary political situation which, it is whispered, should be interpreted something like this. There was a general belief up till recently that the German war would be over in October and that meant a General Election, and it was with an eye to this Election that the White Paper on employment policy was published. It was intended to follow this particular White Paper at the psychological moment, i.e., on the very eve of the election, with the social security proposals. Unfortunately the war is not over and there is for the moment to be no General Election, but the Government had for so long been hinting that it had something "better than Beveridge" up its sleeve that people were beginning to ask questions. On top of all this Sir William Beveridge went and got himself nominated for election to the House of Commons (he has since been elected) and I suppose the thought of Sir William Beveridge actually sitting in the Chamber and glowering at the Government was more than even Mr. Churchill's nerves could stand, and so this wretched White Paper was dragged out of the attic to enable the Government to get a little peace. This does not mean that all these schemes are mere bluff. Improved security and family allowances are today matters removed from party controversy and no government which after the war failed to make full employment a major objective of policy would last five minutes. At the moment, however, the future is too uncertain to hammer out any details and the shadow of Bretton Woods, of which more presently, increases the obscurity.

The element of makeshift and improvisation in the latest White Paper is pretty obvious, and there is one matter in particular which is going to provide future governments with a first class headache. It arises from the fact that family allowances already exist in the form of tax rebate for income tax payers and that in the middle income groups these are not only larger but very substantially larger than the allowances proposed for the great mass of the population. The rate of allowance proposed for the latter is nothing for the first child but five shillings a week for every child after that, so that a man in the lowest income group with a family of three children gets an allowance of about £25 a year. But a man, say, with an income of about £600 a year is allowed to deduct £50 a year in respect of each child from his taxable income, and since he is taxed on a great part of that income at the rate of ten shillings in the pound, he receives what is really an effective family allowance of £75 a year. The new White Paper provides no answer about how these two extremes are to be reconciled, and I am vaguely wondering how whatever government it is that ultimately charges itself with the task of putting family allowances on the statute book, is going to reconcile the irreconcilable. Having rather a pressing motive for getting at the bottom of this (I am, heaven help me, supposed to lecture to the Forces on social security) I went round and asked the Treasury in person. The Treasury sighed and said it didn't know. I went to the House of Commons and asked a member of Parliament. He bought me a drink but couldn't give me any information, and that, as far as I can see, is about as far as the thing has got.

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Of course one way out of the difficulty would be to say openly that people in these middle income groups represent the most energetic and intelligent section of the community and will probably lay out money on their children to better purpose than the lower income groups. The child of the £600 a year man may be equal in the sight of God to the child of the man who earns £3 a week, but thanks to his environment he has the possibility of making a higher social contribution and it is in the State's interest that that possibility should be fully exploited. But that, of course, is what nowadays you are not allowed to

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say. Indeed, the only reason why I dare to write it is that I am one of those cautious people that keep their names out of the telephone directory. Saying it out loud in public is a very different matter. Indeed I would rather stand up outside Buckingham Palace and give three rousing cheers for Heinrich Himmler. I would be more likely to get away in one piece. This solution being ruled out, I am wondering what alternative solution they will find, and am thanking Providence for not calling me to the task of the politician but leaving me to battle with such negligible afflictions as taxes, uric acid and petitions in bankruptcy.

And that brings me by a rather circuitous route to the considerably less entertaining subject of Bretton Woods. On this matter, indeed, I find it difficult to write with even the semblance of equanimity, for the Bretton Woods "Final Act" is surely the most outrageous instrument yet devised for encompassing the ruin of a supposedly friendly nation. At the time of writing the matter has still to come both before Congress and Parliament and I cannot but hope that something will occur (or possibly will have occurred by the time this appears) to prevent the plan from going through.

I am wondering to what extent the American public realizes just what this Bretton Woods plan involves, a plan with which, if America is determined on it, we can only with difficulty refuse our compliance. First, the pound is once more linked to the dollar at what is, within certain limits, a rigid rate of convertibility, and the dollar has a fixed gold content. Whether or not this is a return to the gold standard is an academic question. It is essentially the same as the gold standard in its effects. Further the British people, once the plan is in force, cannot free itself from this arrangement of its own sovereign volition but only with the sanction of an international body on which American influence predominates. What this amounts to in plain terms is simply this. We cannot say to another nation, or to a group of nations, "We have bought your wheat and your beef, your leather and your wool to feed and clothe our workpeople, but you do not find it convenient to accept the machines, the textiles and other finished goods which we are offering to you in payment at the particular rate at which we are offering to exchange them; so we will lower the value of the pound and will offer you rather more machines for every ton of wheat, that is to say, we will offer you a higher price in terms of goods for the products which you sell us." Such an arrangement would raise the price of certain commodities for us, but it would not substantially lower our standard of living. Yet, except within certain very narrow limits, we are forbidden to make that arrangement. If we want to improve our position on a foreign market, we have only one method of doing this, deflation and the deliberate smashing down of wages—a course which we shall naturally hesitate to take. This means that by reason of the improved technical methods which a huge and wealthy country like America may find it easier than ourselves to apply, or by reason of the loans which America can make more easily than we, the American exporter can oust us from markets which to the Americans mean increased financial strength, but to us mean the actual physical bread by which we sustain our lives.

That is not all. By forcing us into a position where we shall be perpetually gasping for foreign exchange, America can bring about a situation in which our remaining capital assets will one by one be forced upon the market. They will naturally find their way into American hands. Does the American public really sanction this stripping and crucifixion of an ally?

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Lest it be thought that I wish to see the American exporter hindered or obstructed, let me say that the contrary is the case. The world is crying out for American capital, American food and American goods and commodities of every kind. The world needs these things and needs them desperately, it needs all the things that your fields and workshops can turn out. The trouble is that it cannot pay for these things, at least it cannot make payment on a sufficient scale in any form you profess yourselves ready to accept, and since you insist not only on payment but payment of a very particular kind and you are driven to a frantic scramble for such exiguous means of payment as there are, even where your gain is our own disastrous loss, and, since even America cannot remain prosperous in an economic vacuum, this means the ultimate impoverishment of both our countries.

Is it really beyond the wit of man to put an end to this insanity? For insanity it is. It is slavery to a phantasm, to a phrase, to the figment, conveniently propagated by those who have an interest in doing so, that if it does not receive payment (payment in barren yellow metal is still accounted as payment) the American nation will be poorer, Americans will have less to eat, American children will go cold and hungry. This nonsense still dominates the mind of adult American men and women. It is enough to make one despair of the very idea of democracy.

For not only is this nonsense. It is the precise diametrical opposite of the truth. It is by insisting on payment, by withholding your goods unless the figment of payment is made, that you will create your breadlines. (I read that American economists are already reckoning with eight

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to twelve million unemployed.) It is by waiting for this that your factories will stand idle and your soil produce unmarketable food. It is by changing this policy that you ensure your own stable and abundant prosperity.

Let us for a moment consider the facts of the matter. America to secure full employment for her people must generate an income of about 150 billion dollars, but every tyro in economics knows that she cannot permanently generate such an income unless some other force than the incentive or normal commercial investment is at work. America suffers from the typical disease of a wealthy country. The profits of her industry pile up in the banks and do not get reinvested, because the possibilities of ordinary commercial investment are necessarily limited. If, therefore, she does not use this accumulated money on some other principle than that of normal commercial investment, it remains idle with the usual disastrous results. It would thus obviously be to the American interest to lend the money out on principles other than those of ordinary commercial lending. It would pay her to make loans of a hundred years maturity with interest at one per cent.

Even if every borrower defaulted, and even if the servicing of the maximum debt that need in such circumstances be considered fell wholly on the American taxpayer, and even if the debt were serviced not at one per cent but at a normal rate of interest, the thing would show a cash profit to the American nation. Here is the proof. There is an inherent tendency under conditions of moderately full employment for a nation's income to increase at the rate of 1½ per cent per head per annum, and to increase even faster under conditions of genuine full employment. This means that in America full employment can be relied on to produce a minimum increment in each year of about 2 billions. The American income will automatically rise by that figure in every year. But one-sixth to one-eighth of this "natural increment," which, I repeat, will come to America out of a blue sky simply as a result of full employment, would suffice to service the debt created by the annual lending out of 10 billions, a sum far larger than the world would probably require to bring about a surprising increase in total productivity and probably larger than the minimum needed as a monetary fly wheel to keep every American worker in a job.

Why on earth cannot these realities be faced up to? The reason is this: any party which declared them would have such political capital made by its opponents out of the public ignorance in these matters, there would be such a hullabaloo about allowing wily foreigners to make a sucker out of poor, big-hearted, generous Uncle Sam, that any such party would be driven ignominiously out of public life. And that is, I suppose, why the Bretton Woods proposals for the creation of an "International Bank for Reconstruction and Development" are wholly innocent of any suggestion for carrying such a policy into effect, but adhere rigidly to the bankrupt canons of "sound finance." I shall have more to say about this matter of Bretton Woods in a later "Commentary"; for the present I will content myself with asking whether it is really unavoidable that our economic policies should be carried on at the mental level of ten year olds?

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When I recently visited the offices of UNRRA in London, I found that the prevailing attitude about putting Europe to rights was almost disturbingly optimistic. The line taken was that malnutrition in Germany during the last war had left no evil after effects on the generation which at that time was in infancy or childhood, and that consequently, the effects of child starvation during the recent German occupation need not be regarded as permanent. This view unfortunately appears to rest on a false assumption. It assumes that Germany's propagandist howls about the starvation of children during the last war through the Allied blockade represent a true version of the facts. But the true nature of conditions actually prevailing in Germany at that time is shown by the infant mortality rate. In Germany this fell steeply during the early part of the war, doubtless due to such factors as improved social services, wartime prosperity, etc. In 1917 (the turnip year) it returned to a point still slightly below the 1913 rate and in 1918 exceeded that rate by an infinitesimal fraction (the figures are: 1913, 15.1 per hundred average births; 1916, 13.6; 1917, 15.0; 1918, 15.4). The increase of the French, Dutch and Belgian infant mortality rates is a very different matter, and what is equally serious is the persistent and obvious malnutrition of the youth of these countries.

Before Paris was liberated reports were persistently trickling through the underground that the great majority of French children were very markedly below normal size and weight. These reports are now, alas, being confirmed, and, what is perhaps worst of all, the increasing ravages of tuberculosis have reached a stage that can only be described as appalling. A French military doctor with whom I recently conversed said that in his view postwar France had two major problems to solve. One was the social reintegration of French youth which has over a period of years been brought up to defy the law. Such defiance during the occupation period was patriotic and morally justifiable a hundred times over. But it has left dangerous mental habits behind

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which may be difficult to eradicate. The second problem (and perhaps the greater of the two) is tuberculosis. This last will be aggravated by the return to France of French prisoners of war and conscripted workers, a large proportion of whom, thanks to the conditions to which they have been subjected, are rotten with the disease, and concern is felt at the extent to which these people may further infect an already weakened nation. What many thoughtful Frenchmen fear is that, with disease working below the surface the whole time, French productivity will fall, and that as productivity falls the nation will become poorer, and as the nation becomes poorer so it will be more liable to disease. France may thus move in a kind of vicious circle (and what I say of France applies equally to all countries of Western and Northern Europe) and in the kind of social and economic climate which such circumstances engender, the French birth rate may drop disastrously further, and France may sink to the level of a seventeenth rate nation.

How far these things are the result of calculated German intent is difficult to say. There is a host of German utterances on record declaring their intentions of bringing into being this very thing which has come about, and I see no reason why the nation which has deliberately contrived the most bestial mass murder of Jews and Poles (complete with women and children) should not have sought to bring about the ruin of the French by methods which, compared with those applied to other peoples, are relatively humane.

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However, perhaps the Germans are innocent of this matter. I am really not going to bother to find out, since for purposes of practical politics it matters little whether they are innocent or guilty. The result is there, and it is a result which, unless something drastic is done about it, might prove most profitable to the Germans in the event of another war. Let us therefore hope that something drastic will be done about it.

Must It Be Socialized Medicine?

A digest of comments on a recent Commonweal article

IN THE September 29 issue of THE COMMONWEAL there was published an anonymous article entitled, "Must It Be Socialized Medicine?" Its main point was that so much dissatisfaction exists with the medical service now available in the United States that some change will inevitably come. Either the medical profession must provide care more fitting to our needs—once those needs have been ascertained, for we are still largely ignorant of them—or socialized medicine will be demanded by the people. The author produced his own strong objections to the latter solution and emphasized his preference for a voluntary house-cleaning on the part of the medical profession. He called for a serious study of the nation's needs in medicine and the drawing up of a program by the profession designed specifically to meet those needs. Among the remedies he himself suggested were the following: an increase in the number of doctors, the establishment of local medical laboratories manned by competent technicians, government aid to deserving medical students, etc. We print herewith a few reactions from the medical profession, regretting that space does not permit us to reproduce all of them in full.

From Philadelphia Dr. I. T. Zeckwer writes principally concerning the limitation of medical students.

The writer of the anonymous article on socialized medicine is laboring under many naive misunderstandings which could easily be corrected by examining the facts.

He contends that there are too few students of medicine because the American Medical Association limits their numbers and does this for the purpose of preventing the medical field from being overcrowded. Actually, the AMA has no control over the number of men who study medicine. The number of students is determined solely by the individual medical school, depending upon how many students it is able to cope with and upon how many applicants are regarded as mentally and morally fit to study medicine. The more students that are admitted, the more money the school obtains in tuition. The temptation would therefore be to increase rather than decrease the numbers of students. But the medical school is concerned more about its responsibilities in selecting those fit to practice medicine than in earning fees. The State Boards of Medical Licensure have the final decision of whether the graduate in medicine is fit to practice. The AMA is a strong moral force in preventing dishonesty and incompetency; in failing to approve drugs which are manufactured with fraudulent claims; in restraining quackery, etc. Any influence that could be ascribed to the AMA in restricting the number of physicians is in the direction of protecting the public against malpractice.

The writer places great emphasis on the physical equipment needed by doctors. It is not the machine that is important but the brain behind the machine. Hospitals, not doctors, own physical equipment. An X-ray machine would not help the average doctor in making a diagnosis. A physician must spend many years in training as a roentgenologist before he can interpret X-rays with good judgment. Such specialists and such machines in hospitals are available to anyone. . . .

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He contends that ten percent of each medical class should be Negroes. Unfortunately there are not that many Negroes of sufficient mentality. Whenever Negroes are found to be mentally equal to white applicants they are accepted by medical schools, except in certain parts of the South where there is racial prejudice.

As to the matter of increasing the student body, in the last few years when the Army has required a speed-up education, a new medical class has entered every nine months and has studied continuously with only two weeks' vacation a year, except for isolated holidays. This increase in numbers of students has been possible because of speeding up of pre-medical college education. Students are receiving A.B. degrees from colleges at phenomenally early ages. This has caused an artificial piling up of candidates for medical school, which is only temporary. Those of us who teach medical students on this program realize that this terrific pace can be kept up only as an emergency war measure, although physicians are most eager to see the quantities of physicians increased provided that the quality is not decreased. The anonymous writer clamors for *quantity,* and totally disregards *quality.* He speaks as though a medical school were a factory where any sort of student can enter a belt line and emerge at the other end as a first class doctor. As a matter of fact, even after careful selection of medical students, many have to be failed out at the end of their first year as incompetent, because medical educators conscientiously ask the question: "Does this particular student have the factual knowledge, the good judgment and reasoning ability that entitles him to undertake the responsibility of other people's lives?"

Dr. Charles S. Dickson of Utica, New York, protests about the author's remarks on maternity care in the public wards of our hospitals:

The statement that the care of obstetrical patients in public wards of any hospital is "hell" is to put it bluntly utter nonsense. The professional and nursing care of these patients is exactly the same as that given private ward patients, as any hospital can testify. It is a matter of public record that the maternal mortality in the United States is the second lowest of any country in the world. Sweden ranks first, but one must remember that Sweden is a country of about half the population of New York State. The American Medical Association has undoubtedly many faults and has been stupid in its methods of combatting Socialized Medicine, but to accuse it of being a trade union in that it restricts the number of candidates entering medical school is a plain falsehood. As a matter of fact, it is refuted by the writer himself who admits that 65 Grade A medical schools in this country are filled to capacity. The fact that these same schools have increased their numbers from 5,000 to 7,000 during war time is due entirely to the representations of the Government that a large number of medical officers will be required for the armed forces, but it is not a peace time program and not conducive to proper training except in an emergency. It is a matter of public record that the American Medical Association was almost solely responsible for the raising of standards in medical schools some years ago. A few Class B schools still remain, but it is interesting that the armed forces have been rejecting their graduates as medical officers. To claim that the high level of medical care received in the armed forces is an argument for Socialized Medicine is simply puerile. The medical profession has entered the armed forces as a patriotic duty and the vast majority have made tremendous sacrifices in so doing. On a peace time basis without a patrotic motive less than one percent would be attracted.

Dr. Dickson does not agree that "modern medicine has failed."

Let us take the statement that "modern medicine has failed." What do we mean? If we mean by failure slothfulness, low moral and ethical standards, failure to keep up with scientific advancement, the answer is emphatically NO. Modern medicine has failed in the same sense that democracy has failed. It is an economic problem. The tremendous scientific advancements have added such a huge burden to the cost of medical investigation and care that the average individual cannot meet it. In this sense undoubtedly modern medicine has "failed."

The status of the medical profession and of medical care is very well summed up by a report of the National Physicians' Committee as a result of a nation-wide survey. Their conclusions are these:

First: The doctor holds a high—the highest—place in the esteem of the public.

Second: The public is satisfied with the quality and the availability of medical care, *BUT*

Third: The preponderant majority of the public state *that it is essential to provide some solution for the high cost of unusual or prolonged illness.*

Here are his ideas as to most pressing present needs:

To me the most pressing need is: (1) Care of chronic illness. (2) Reduction of the high cost of "unusual illness" by compulsory insurance (or government subsidy) of hospital and nursing care. Such service is comparatively impersonal and quite possible of accomplishment, without lowering the level of the services rendered.

Such insurance will lower the cost of "unusual" illness by at least fifty percent, which is quite an accomplishment as an initial step.

Socialization of professional care is an extraordinarily complicated problem. Sudden and complete socialization will create many more problems than it solves, but I am equally certain that some professional services must eventually be socialized, for example, radiology, pathology, surgery and possibly obstetrical care.

So-called sick benefit insurance is if possible even more complicated than professional care. The only possible answer at present seems to be the preservation of an income level by which the individual can meet the disaster himself.

Dr. James Finlay Hart of New York City finds what he believes to be a number of misstatements of fact in the article:

The author over-simplifies the problem by saying that all you have to do is to find the cause of the trouble and then go ahead and fix it. He complains that as yet no effort at analysis of what is wrong with medical service has been undertaken, so there have been no suggestions for a change in those aspects in which it has failed. This statement is too sweeping. I know that the Economic Committee of every County Medical Society in every State of the Union has had for a number of years meeting after meeting for such discussions. There are 48 States and goodness knows how many counties, with 64 in New York State alone. He then contradicts himself and mentions that some individuals have gone into it, but have failed to acquaint the public with the facts. If he was the one who had the facts, just how would he tell the public? If he has had no experience in educating the public, let him call up one of the T.B. or cancer societies and have them tell him what a stupendous, costly and repetitious job it is. Many articles have been published in medical magazines and are accessible to the layman.

Now for the subject of obstetrics. Let us make for clarification. You and I are not interested in what the rich pay for confinements. Neither do we care what the upper middle class with a comfortable income gives

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the doctor or the hospital. What we want to concentrate on is the cost to the lower middle class and the poor. So we set an income ceiling and say that all those making less than $2,500 a year in New York, or $2,000 in small cities, or $1,500 in rural or depressed communities may be included. We note that in this group many are delivered at home, while about the same number go to a hospital. Those that stay at home certainly do not have that high hospital bill to meet. But does staying at home endanger the woman or child? Let us see what the Doctor thinks about home delivery. He says that much could be done for the problem by having sets of the necessary materials and instruments that could be rented at available places. Using dried plasma and other blood substitutes, he says, will make home delivery the best procedure, because infection is less likely to occur there. The hospital, he states, facilitates blood transfusions and other emergency problems. Everyone will agree with this, but when he says that the charity confinement wards are "Hell," I must thoroughly disagree with him. I have served in wards of this class in three hospitals, one of them the New York Lying-In, and he is mistaken. One remembers that he is an employee of a chemical manufacturing firm and that he cannot speak from experience in maternity wards.

Hence the high hospital bill about which he complains is by no means necessary for the life or health of the pregnant woman, and actually does in many cases represent an out-and-out luxury. If the woman stays at home, the cost depends on the locality. A practical nurse in New York City, just before the war shortage, charged $35 a week with meals. I am sure at that time there were many communities in the country where the standard of living was lower, and a good handy woman would come for $15 a week and food. Of course there is an extra laundry bill at home, and this might cost $10 a week, and no doubt less in the more modest villages. The general practitioner asks for the prevailing fee and this runs from $25 to $50, and he looks after the prenatal and postpartum care for ten days. The government, after much investigation, decided to pay a maximum of $50 for the delivery of servicemen's wives, and scales this down depending on the locality. This makes a total of $160 maximum and about $70 for the minimum. A Scotch woman scarcely ever has the practical nurse stay over ten days, and so slips off at least $20 from the total!

Most families plan on three weeks' income to cover the expense, and today's wages certainly reach that figure. When the income falls below $1,000 a year, hospitals accept them as a charity, and the woman then receives the attention or advice from the chief of the service who is usually the leading obstetrician of the section and concurrently the highest priced.

The author says that some families have an increase every year. To use that in an argument is to create a false impression. Occasionally two children are born within 24 months, but this is exceptional. It is a very rare occurrence, even in a prolific family, for a woman to be confined as many as fifteen times in the thirty years that she is capable of bearing children. (In my school days, one of our neighbors had 21 children and Teddy Roosevelt, then President, paid a visit to her house and gave her a medal.) One could hardly say that three weeks' salary even every two years would dissipate the family savings or mortgage the future. . . .

As to the shortage of doctors, he needs enlightenment. There has hardly been a shortage, but there is definitely a poor distribution. He gives the figure of 180,000 physicians in the United States. About 44,000 of them are not in active practice. Some are internes, some are full-time professors, and some give their whole time to insurance, industrial or government positions. However, if we divide 136,000 into 130,000,000 we will get a ratio of one doctor to 956 people. The Procurement and Assignment Bureau of the National Government has recently decided that a community is well taken care of when the ratio is one doctor to 1,500 people. So we hardly have a scarcity of doctors.

The Army demanded at least 6.5 doctors for each 1,000 soldiers, but this is a war measure and is only temporary.

Now for distribution. New York State, with 13,059,000 population and 25,700 doctors, gives the ratio of one doctor to 507 people. Much better than one to 1,500. Then for New York City, as in all big cities, there is a congestion of doctors. Here the ratio is one doctor to 415 people, while the State of Montana has one doctor to 1,040 people.

May I say in closing that more editorial work could be done on this doctor's article, as he contradicts himself a number of times? One is not sure in certain places which side he does favor.

Dr. Charles L. Farrell of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, seeks to define the opposition of doctors to socialized medicine:

The rank and file of the medical profession is not stubbornly opposed to the socialization of medicine, but it is opposed to political medicine, or in other words, the socialization of medical care under government auspices and control. For years medicine has socialized itself where it was obviously needed. In the field of public health, school health and more recently in industrial health, the medical profession has developed and cooperated in the spreading of the benefits of medical care to a greater number of people on a mass basis without requiring individual payment by the recipients.

Medicine joins in the appeal to the public to inform itself about the merits and demerits of social medicine before it casts the die. Many of those who today add their official approval to plans for socialized (i.e., political) medicine do not actually realize what they are endorsing and have no real appreciation of how such plans will operate.

Those who advocate a change in the type of medical practice begin by charging that modern medicine has failed. They base this on the lack of medical care for the underprivileged sick and inadequate pre-natal and infant care for the poor. If we pause to examine this premise it should be obvious that the lack of medical care in these circumstances is due to an economic condition and is in no way related to medecine. The same people who lack medical care undoubtedly lack a great many other necessities of life, such as shoes, clothes and sufficient food. Should we blame the shoe and clothing industries for the failure of these people to be adequately supplied and should we disrupt their business methods so that this social condition be remedied? The lack of medical care is not due to the way medicine is practiced, but rather to defects in the social order, and the problem is basically economic not medical. Give all people an opportunity to work steadily at living wages and there will be no such problem.

For proof of this we have but to examine the attendance records of the out-patient department of our local hospitals and see the marked drop in attendance now that the war boom has fattened the pocketbooks of most of those who formerly had to seek free medical care. If any evidence was needed to show that people prefer a private physician of their own choice to any clinic, even though they realize that the clinic staff is particularly competent, this should supply it. . . .

Your article states that white folk in the Southern hills frequently live and die without benefit of M.D.'s. Should the medical profession subsidize doctors for the Southern hills in order to supply medical care to the underprivileged?

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If these areas are so barren that industry and commerce cannot flourish, how can a doctor live and practice there? Again the problem is an economic one. Whether the state or a national grant should fill that gap as a welfare service to its people is not pertinent to this discussion. I merely wish to point out that the state *could* handle it or the United States Public Health Service could extend its sphere of activity to cover them. I am reliably informed that it has already done so in some areas. Yet there are a large group of persons who would blame the lack of medical care on the medical profession.

We must bear in mind that as long as doctors have to eat, wear clothes and pay taxes they cannot practice in underprivileged areas nor are they responsible for the plight of the people in them. In Rhode Island we care for our underprivileged adequately and well. There are city physicians available for the poor and there are institutions for their care. No one in this state who needs medical care ever has to go without it IF he makes any attempt to get it. I was on the committee which conducted a survey during the depression years and we were not able to find a *bona fide* case of inability to obtain medical care—provided that such persons applied to health, civic or municipal authorities. I am certain that this situation is duplicated in most other states. . . .

In this vast land of ours with its varied people and problems no universal solution will be workable. A system which may suit Rhode Island may be unworkable, for example, in Nevada. Even in England the social medicine scheme had to be varied for Scotland and Wales.

The next phase of criticism is the "lack of equipment." The author states that "The young physician who is not wealthy has to . . . start with meager equipment." True, but he has the facilities of the state laboratory at his command and the local hospital is never very far away for x-ray and other diagnostic apparatus. How much equipment has the Army doctor in the field and portable hospital? He has small portable outfits and today any home physician can purchase any equipment he needs provided his practice shows the promise of its adequate use. X-ray machines were once found only in hospitals. Now the majority of physicians in general practice have their own and nearly all important laboratory tests can be done with a few drops of blood and an inexpensive apparatus suitable for office use. Other equipment of a special nature naturally belongs only in the office of the man specializing in the particular field. Even then the patient of the young, new physician may use the hospital facilities if his means are limited.

As to inadequate personnel—the American Medical Association has protested the refusal of the government to defer medical students. The most that could be deferred would be 5,000 a year, and if a scarcity develops it will be government planned and sponsored so that politicians can develop an inadequate medical care problem and thus take over medical practice.

The author next refers to the incompetence of medical men and he quotes Dr. Herman L. Kretschmer, President of the American Medical Association, as saying harsh things in his presidential address. Of course he did, and every president to come after him will undoubtedly have something to criticize, but they won't be the same things. The most outstanding fact about American medicine is its life-long habit of cleaning its own house. Medical men as a class are like any other group—good, bad and indifferent. It is our job to keep the bad and indifferent hewing to the line wherever and whenever we can. The President of the Bar Association or any other group can probably find many things wrong with the activities of some of their members and every effort should be made to correct them—but the mere recognition that some do not do the job well or are inadequate does not mean that the profession has gone to pot. . . .

I, too, quote Dr. Kretschmer. On the radio program "The Doctor Fights" he stated, "Despite the large number of doctors in the armed forces, the people of this country have never enjoyed better health than now. The death rate is the lowest in our history except for a slight, not serious rise last year. There have been no major epidemics like the influenza of the last war. . . . During the past year more than three million babies were born in the United States with the lowest maternal and infant death rate in our history . . . this in the midst of the war!"

The medical profession opposed the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill and not from selfish motives. We know that a dictatorial system of compulsory health insurance is incompatible with good medical practice. . . .

One frequent argument for social medicine is that there were a large number of young men rejected from the Army because of their remedial defects. It is implied that medicine has thus failed to keep up the health of the nation. I would remind the reader that at the outbreak of the war the requirements of the physical examination of the Army were extremely rigid and resulted in a large number of rejections. Very soon the Army began to relax and now most of those originally rejected are in the Army and on the job.

Again the human element has to be considered. Time and time again I have found patients who needed medical and dental care, who were able to pay for it and yet refused to submit to it unless they were in pain or incapacitated. Prospective employees in our mills are given pre-employment examinations and there again we find the need for dental and medical care which the employee too frequently is unwilling to undergo—not because of inability to pay for it, either.

What we need badly is a course in health in all our schools. Education alone can do it—not social service. Too often we find a belief among social workers that if only they can get a person free care he will be sure to take advantage of it. One social worker was heard to complain recently that a patient was discharged from an institution with which she was associated, and although there were free clinics in the patient's home neighborhood, the patient had some money and preferred his family doctor—so there was "nothing she could do" but refer him back to the physician of his choice. Under government regulation perhaps he won't have a choice! Many feel that control of the patient is essential and under a government plan the patient certainly would be controlled.

As to the cost of medical care, the article asks the question, "Are homes mortgaged and foreclosed because of medical costs?" Of course, I don't know, but I seriously doubt it. I do know, however, that the cost of an illness usually includes much more than medical care. The doctor's bill is very often the smallest item, because the patient insists upon the best accommodations they can get at the hospital—special nurses and all possible extras. These costs of illness can be controlled by the patient, but no attempt is made to do so. The Blue Cross will tell you that persons quite frequently ask for better accommodations at the hospital than their contract calls for and they willingly pay the difference. I suppose that the lower premium is taken originally on the theory that illness will not occur, and then when it does they go up the scale.

Medicine is not blind to social change. It is working now and has been for some time in that direction. It has hundreds of plans in operation throughout the United States as experiments. When it is sure of the soundness of a particular plan of insurance it will be offered. Even now the Rhode Island Medical Society is engaged in sampling opinion of the people as to their reaction to insurance against the costs of surgery.

The politicians urge speed and will rush plans through before perfection. We will then have to battle for years

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to correct the inadequacies. The Rhode Island Cash Sickness Act is an example. The medical profession had no hand in it and was not asked to participate. The law already needs revision and this is extremely difficult to do. The Rhode Island Medical Society could have helped materially but the social planners seldom want suggestions or anything not in keeping with their zeal for reform. The politician wants to go before the public and get credit for social reform. This is understandable but the medical profession will stick to a slow, gradual, but sound evolution of the problem of insuring against the costs of sickness.

Daniel Dean, a layman, of Nichols, New York, places most of the blame for the lack of adequate medical care squarely on the American Medical Association. He writes from the opposite extreme.

In plain English, the one and only cause of present lack and high cost of medical aid for the American people is the rigid monopoly established by the AMA for the purpose of robbing the sick. Practically every occupation in the United States must go into the open market and compete if it will live. As a farmer I must compete with more than 6,000 other farmers. And every farmer is driven faster and faster by the "speed-up" system of the "farming the farmer" crowd of agricultural scientists.

Since 'round 1880 the medical profession has used its political power with state governments to establish a monopoly by which it constantly cuts down the number of doctors, thereby enabling them to raise their fees far above what they could get if they had to compete like (for example) editors of magazines, or farmers.

The national emergency—high cost of medical aid, due to one cause, monopoly through restrictions on medical education, which have for over 60 years always left in practice the doctors with whatever education they had, whether two-year, three year, or other training.

The remedy—a federal standard for doctors consisting of four years' medical college education after high school, with or without one year's interneship in a hospital.

The medical profession would hold up its collective hands in holy horror at what it would call the lowering of medical standards. They would *not* say a word about the fact that the majority of doctors in present practice have very little more, many of them less.

In plain English, the present medical training standards have been established for one purpose and one only, to give the doctors in practice the chance to make big money out of the needs of the American people.

Once a federal standard for doctors was established, the next would be to force any and all states with higher length of education to accept the federal standard by the process of de-bunking the AMA claims that such long education was necessary—showing it up for what it is, nothing more nor less than a hold-up of the sick.

Finally a medical man who has had long administrative experience here and abroad, and who is now director of a large metropolitan hospital, applauds the author's efforts to open a fruitful discussion of the subject of socialized medicine:

This is a very thoughtful discussion of the subject and has much in it that the debaters could take into consideration with profit these days when they discuss the Murray-Wagner-Dingell Bill. He is rightly exercised over many of the shortcomings of medical practice which ought to be corrected on the basis of their own defects, regardless of wheather we go in for social medicine or what have you. Being the employee of a pharmaceutical house, he naturally speaks warmly on the subject of the fifth failure on page 560. He might have gone further and included a paragraph on nostrums and quackery, on self-treatment and on drugstore prescribing without benefit of physician.

I like the sincerity of this article and feel that the author has a wholesome point of view.

A Letter on Majority Rule

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO *the Editors:* It is incontestable that majority rule for deliberative bodies is so ancient and common—no matter what their nature, whether political, ecclesiastical, judiciary or economic—that it seems embarrassing or ridiculous (according to one's taste) to take up its defense.

There have been, it is true, deliberative bodies which have preferred, either as a system, or for special cases, unanimity rule. The most recent and unfortunate example was that of the League of Nations which, in its brief life of twenty years, tried to get itself out of trouble by maneuvering with presumable opponents of a majority-desired measure either by silencing them or by persuading them to abstain from voting or to be absent from the meeting hall at the moment of the vote. When economic sanctions were applied to Italy, 52 votes were collected: this was a unique *tour de force;* it was afterwards learned that behind the scenes it had been prearranged that the great gesture should be a semi-artifice: the sanctions would be applied . . . up to a certain point.

For the historical record, I should like to refer to the celebrated *liberum* veto of the Polish nobles (a sort of unanimity law) in the selection of the king, a system which weakened that kingdom, undermined the authority of the state, was the cause of several wars, and toward the end of the eighteenth century caused the country to fall to pieces, divided among the powerful neighbors, Prussia, Russia, and Austria.

Now there is being created another unanimity rule, that of the Big Five, within the committee of security of the new League of Nations. We shall see how it will function and whether it will function: it is a kind of *veto of the powerful,* which will give the decisive word to one member over all. In fact, the system of unanimity rule has this effect; it gives to one member alone the power of paralyzing the whole deliberative body.

Leaving aside unanimity rule, which for some most exceptional cases can perhaps be justified (for example, in the case of applying the death penalty on the part of a jury or tribunal) we find that the rule of one-half plus one is today the minimum normally accepted as the valid number for a deliberative body, whether this half plus one be *absolute,* that is, of all components of the body, or whether it be *relative,* that is, of those present, according to the rules of every Assembly.

At the present time in America people are discussing whether or not the Senate should maintain the two-thirds rule for the approval of treaties with foreign powers. It

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is pointed out by those most competent in the matter that such a rule gives to the minority of one-third (which in this case does not exceed 30) a paralyzing power. It is thus every time that political minorities (whose function of control is most useful) become arbiters, negatively, of the fate of important affairs. In spite of that, one recognizes the opportuneness of maintaining the two-thirds system for the validity of certain laws that modify the constitutions of states, in order not to alter their stability and continuity.

The objection often repeated, even in the case of democracy, is that political majorities can become tyrannical. May I say that this is a matter of prejudice? Or of one of those errors that professors of Logic call *lack of definition?* In fact, if a majority is tyrannical, it no longer is a majority, and democracy has ceased to exist.

When the Jacobins of the French Revolution dispossessed the Girondists, French democracy (if that was ever a real democracy) ceased to exist, and the guillotine began to function. There was no longer any need of majority rule in those assemblies, because the opponent could be hanged from a lamp post, and so he no longer counted in the number *necessary* for the validity of the deliberations.

All joking aside, every sane democracy has its safety valves against the excesses of majorities, and if it hasn't them, it must procure them at once.

America has such safety valves: the first and most important is in fact the quadrennial election of the President and the periodically alternate elections of senators and representatives. If the country does not take care to protect itself from dictatorships and oligarchies the blame is its own: a democracy cannot be had against the will of the country.

Another safety valve is furnished by the free press which controls, debates, dissents, reveals facts, renders the country an account of what is being plotted in the center of government and in Congress.

A third safety valve is the recourse to unconstitutionality for the laws that violate the Constitution or the rights of the person (Bill of Rights).

A fourth safety valve is the President's veto power which under certain conditions can stop a law that he believes damaging to the country.

A fifth safety valve of organic value is furnished by the bi-cameral system (a system in use among all states), so that the majority of one assembly (for example, that of the House of Representatives) can be corrected by the other (that of the Senate) and vice-versa, because in order to form a law, the two wills must coincide.

If, after all that, the country comes to submit to an unjust or intolerable law (as was the prohibition law), it is up to itself to agitate and bestir itself until the law is modified or abolished.

Those who today are complaining of the New Deal or of the various New Deals (and thus are accusing the democratic majority of having been tyrannical or demagogic) know well that they had all the means for causing them to disappear. And if they did not succeed, it is because the country was not of the same opinion as the contradictors. (This is aside from the fact that the war has modified and in part caused the mechanism of the New Deal to disappear, substituting for it the mechanism of war.)

The maxim of Canon Law is that collective deliberations are valid when they are taken by the "majority and saner side": *major et sanior pars*. Now, while it is easy to see what the "majority side" is—a little arithmetical reckoning suffices—it cannot be ascertained whether right is really on its side or whether it is not on the side of the minority.

In order to make such ascertainments, various canonical measures are indicated. First, the *presumption;* that is, that, subject to contrary proof, it is presumed that the majority is right. If there is a claim against the majority to a superior organ (as in the judiciary case) it is up to a court of appeals or supreme court to decide. In spite of that, one can never be sure whether the decision of the superior court is more just; but it is presumed to be the more just, because otherwise there would not be in the world a means for terminating a controversy. In Canon Law the same holds for deliberative colleges; one goes from a lower college to a superior one, or even to an authority personally superior, such as the Bishop or the Pope; but one can never be absolutely certain that infallibly the superior decision on such matters is the most just.

Thus, in the world of controversies and discussions, one has to arrive at an ultimate end, when, for better or worse, the law, the decision, or the sentence must be executed.

Then one begins all over again seeking those modifications, revisions, corrections, emendations that will best be adapted to collective necessities, because men change, institutions are modified, history goes forward, life evolves. "This dreary occupation the Lord gave us," Solomon would say.

Let him who wants an improvable world in politics or in any other field (even in the religious) work, struggle and assume his share of responsibility. Let him who wants a perfect world go to sleep and dream.

LUIGI STURZO.

Communications

WRITING TO FRANCE

Bethany, Penn.

TO the Editors: Have just read Paulding's article, "Writing to France." Bravo! Bravo! *Ad usum* Americans who are licking their chops at their dinner parties—"Did you see? So many traitors in France! So many! So many!" *Ad usum* the French in America who join in because it tragically seems as if they had a congenital incapacity to understand American psychology. And, finally *ad usum* the French of France. Indeed, let us hope they do read that article! And to think that it takes an American to see so clearly and to love France with that perfection of devotion. Here is, at least, one

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French person, through and through, who says "Thank you" to THE COMMONWEAL.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

CORRECTION

Westport, Conn.

TO the Editors: Not until today, long after its publication, did Uncle Sam's post office service, ordinarily so admirable, permit me to see a copy of your twentieth anniversary number; hence my delay in asking you to correct a misprint in my contribution to that issue of THE COMMONWEAL. In the fourth paragraph of my open letter to the Editors, I tried to refer to "your few fellow spirits in the purely secular zone of journalism" who, like you, are working against the tide of popular taste, etc.; but *few* got itself printed as *Jew*, making the whole phrase run as, "your *Jew* fellow spirits," etc., to the bewilderment, no doubt, of all the readers of my little piece. It is indeed quite true that many of the editors of many periodicals which valiantly uphold high and worthy standards are Jews; but it is also true that many are not—and the whole subject was off the point! Just one more proof, I suppose, of the reality of the printer's devil, and of his mischievous ubiquity.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The Stage & Screen

Robin Hood

FOR THOSE to whom the de Koven music may bring agreeable memories, this production of R. H. Burnside's is, I guess, fairly faithful to the original; although as usual, the inserted up-to-date banter comes off as dry-as-dust. Harold Patrick, Edith Herlick and Wilfred Glenn sing cheerfully. (*At the Adelphi*). KAPPO PHELAN.

Crime Waits for No Man

REVIEWERS are placed at a distinct disadvantage in writing about films, books or plays that are murder mysteries. The rules demand that they do not divulge the secrets of the plot, yet very often in the solution and surprises occur the points that should be criticized. We are now in the midst of a new Hollywood cycle. Mysteries, murder thrillers, crime-and-detection movies have always been cinematic material; and in the last few years there have been hundreds of B pictures built on who-dun-it stories. But lately the A films with good casts, leading directors and expensive productions have entered the field. Already this year "The Lodger," "Gaslight," "Double Indemnity" and "Laura," listing players not usually associated with murder mysteries, have indicated the trend. Many similar topnotch productions are in the making. The two latest items in the cycle are ready for your inspection. Both are intelligent, exciting and have stories that will hold your interest to the end. You'll

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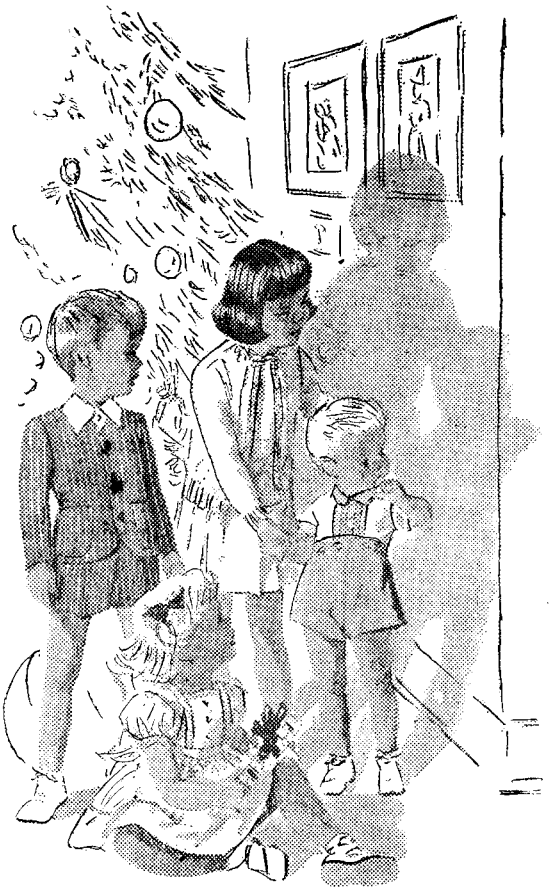

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have to take my word for this, for I refuse to detract from your pleasure or spine-tingling sensations by letting any cats out of bags. It's too easy for a reviewer to spoil a picture by talking too much about it, but I should like to suggest the atmosphere in which both of these films are well steeped.

"The Woman in the Window" is a chilling study in crime. It belongs to the same brutal school of murder films as "Double Indemnity" in that you see the murder committed near the beginning of the film, and the plot is concerned less with mystery (practically no mystery at all) than with suspense and how the characters wiggle around in their desperate situation. Nunnally Johnson, who gave this film its excellent production, also wrote its thoughtful, terse screenplay based on a novel by J. H. Wallis. The acting is exceedingly good. Edward G. Robinson portrays a psychology professor who is picked up one summer night in New York City by a dame (Joan Bennett) who was the model for the portrait the professor is admiring in an art dealer's window. He goes to her apartment to see some sketches, is attacked by a man who calls on the dame. He kills the man in self-defense. Realizing the scandal involved, he decides not to telephone the police, but to dispose of the body himself. Director Fritz Lang has built up a suspense throughout the film that is terrific. The cold, calculating way in which the professor and the woman go about their unholy mission is contrasted with the accidents and quirks that interrupt and change their plans. Raymond Massey (as the wise assistant district attorney and the professor's friend who reveals step by step the state's clues and suspicions) and Dan Duryea (as the murdered man's thoroughly contemptible bodyguard who tries to blackmail the dame and the professor) add considerably to the tense action. The whole film, mainly because of its fine photography, effective cutting and Fritz Lang's direction, is like a bad dream. This nightmare quality is made all the more quivery by the professor's being such a pathetic little guy. No hero of heroic proportions, this scholar says in Robinson's most defeated voice: "We're just not very skilful at this sort of thing." He and the model are not; that's what makes their story so absorbing.

Even more scary is *"Dark Waters,"* which belongs to the same mystery-and-violence school as "Gaslight." It is also like that film in that its heroine (nervous and suffering from shock because of a dreadful experience) is being driven to think herself insane. As cinema "Dark Waters" is more effective than "Gaslight" because its director (André De Toth) uses closeups sparingly, which "Gaslight" did not do, and it relies on shadows, lighting, gloomy locale and unfamiliar noises to create its atmosphere of foreboding and growing fear. The players have responded beautifully to De Toth's direction and work together for the benefit of the total effect rather than their own glorification. Merle Oberon reaches a high pitch of hysteria as the physically and emotionally exhausted woman who goes to visit her relatives (whom she has never seen) on a plantation beside the bayous in the deep South. But at the same time she succeeds in portraying a woman who is trying to be sensible, who is fully aware that what she needs is rest and quiet and that she should cooperate with her doctors by not allowing her imagination to over-run reality. But reality refuses to cooperate; things on the plantation are not what they seem. Figuring largely in the woman's experiences in Louisiana are a doctor (Franchot Tone) whose sanity and wisdom help considerably to put her on her feet, her aunt and uncle (Fay Bainter and John Qualen) whose erratic irresponsibility do not aid the stabilization program, a house guest (Thomas Mitchell) whose interference in all affairs confuses the neurotic heroine still more, the plantation overseer (Elisha Cook, Jr.) whose insinuating attentions have the opposite effect from the doctor's interest. The script, written by Joan Harrison and Marian Cockrell (from the story by Frank and Marian Cockrell), advances the plot in a leisurely fashion that is almost tantalizing. The horror of the situation when the heroine realizes that something rotten is going on amongst the moss-laden live oaks is made particularly effective through Benedict Bogeaus's first-rate production and the exceptionally fine cinematography of Archie Stout and John Mescall. The macabre locale is made more eerie by contrasts: the distraught heroine is told by a Negro worker (Rex Ingram) that he hears voices too, the healthy, nerve-restoring visits to the gay French family nearby, the dismal and terrifying death ride in a boat through the swamps, the victory for science when those on the side of good show that they can use psychology as well as evil-doers. "Dark Waters" doesn't always stand up under close analysis of motivation, and the last third of the film is too melodramatic; but as a thriller it is likely to make you wake up screaming for several nights after you see it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Knox New Testament

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

IT IS not easy to write of vernacular translations of the Bible without being tempted to introduce some note of personal reminiscence. When I was very young, such reading as that of the Bible and the plays of Shakespeare was done by accident at home, instead of being imposed on me from above, in Sunday school or the classroom, with the result that they were read with a spontaneous interest and pleasure, and I have never grown weary of them. The fact, moreover, that I was brought up an Anglican involved reading the New Testament in the King James version, something which may help to justify an ancient prejudice against such modern vernacular translations of those particular books such as the new one by Monsignor Knox.* But, while still

* *The New Testament in English. Translated from the Vulgate Latin by Monsignor Ronald A. Knox. Sheed.* $3.00.

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in preparatory school, I began to frequent Roman Catholic services, especially the High Mass, which meant the early acquisition of a Missal in Latin and English; and I soon discovered that the Douai-Rheims translation of the whole Bible was an English document, almost fully as remarkable in its style as the King James version, particularly in many passages from the Old Testament read at Mass.

Today I would attempt to formulate the main difference between the two classical English translations of the Scriptures somewhat as follows: the Catholic version appeals more to the eye; it has a kind of rich verbal color, while the Protestant appeals more to the ear, being replete with a grave and solemn music. Both were achieved at a time when Englishmen have never written better in verse or prose. Shakespeare had eight more years to live when the King James version appeared; he had written "Macbeth" one year before, and was to write "Anthony and Cleopatra" one year later. In several instances, the prose of the Douai-Rheims seems actually superior to that of the King James. Take, for example, that Lamentation of Jeremias which is the second lesson in the first Nocturne of *Tenebrae* on Good Friday night. It seems to call out for a greater than Palestrina to interpret it in deathless music. Or take the passage from the Book of Baruch used as one of the twelve Prophecies in the morning service on Holy Saturday, with its patent and noble beauty of thought and language. Or the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm, called *Super Flumina Babylonis* as found in the Day Hours. Like the medieval ballad "Edward," it begins deceptively in a minor key, and continues in a slight but poignant *crescendo* to break off abruptly in the startling and savage intensity of the final verse. It is, obviously, a little work of art in the original, and equally in the Catholic translation. Yet the Old Testament, in general, seems more remote to the young or lay Catholic mind than the New; hence I must still plead guilty to a preference for the English version of the latter which I read in childhood.

★

It seems necessary to remind the reader of the incomparable superiority of both classical versions over the horde of revised and modernized texts, from the so-called "Authorized" one down, a veritable plague that has only succeeded in defacing and vulgarizing the superb originals. This emphatically does not apply to this latest translation by Monsignor Knox, done at the request of the English Hierarchy, as I shall make clear in a moment. The United States appear to be the elected country of the others, just as they are the native land of the Jefferson Bible and the Baconian theory. Long ago, in 1779, Benjamin Franklin parodied, quite in the manner of the Anglican "Ronnie" Knox who penned "Some Loose Stones" and "Reunion All Around," a projected version brought up to the dashing idiom of the eighteenth century. In two parallel samples (from the Book of Job) Franklin arranged the Old and the New as follows:

OLD

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord; and Satan came also amongst them.

NEW

And it being *levée* day in heaven, all God's nobility came to court; and Satan also appeared in the circle as one of the Ministry.

Those who have followed the literary and ecclesiastical career of Monsignor Knox from Anglican days when (as I have heard Professor Harold Laski say) he was the most brilliant man at Oxford, are aware that he is among the few—the very few—Catholics in Great Britain who could have done this questionable task with such interesting and noble results. Not only is he an acute Catholic theologian, but he is a master of the English tongue. The satirist, penetrated by the great Dryden, who wrote these lines on a modernist symposium called "Foundations," is the man to tackle the irony which often crops up in the Bible, even in certain words of Our Lord Himself.

> Who setting out the Gospel truths t'explain,
> Thought all that was not German not germane:
> Whose queasy stomach, while it tried in vain
> Recorded miracles to entertain,
> Eschewing Luke, John, Matthew, and the rest,
> Read Mark, but could not inwardly digest.

Everyone who reads the New Testament will have favorite passages which may serve as tests in his appraisal of a modern version like this. My own (to be personal again) are, probably, Saint John's story of the man born blind, the same apostle's account of the trial before Pilate, and the final chapter of the Apocalypse, and hence of the whole Testament. The great majesty of Christ's reply to Pilate: "Thou couldst have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that hath delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin," seems diluted considerably in Monsignor Knox's version: "That is why the man who gave me up to thee is more guilty yet." And no one who has read in the King James the last chapter of "Revelation," so like the coda of the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven, will forget the rhythm of the words: "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whore-mongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." The sentence is thus rendered by Monsignor Knox: "No room there for prowling dogs, for sorcerers and wantons and murderers and idolaters, for anyone who loves falsehood and lives in it."

★

This is in no sense a criticism of the excellence of Monsignor Knox's prose in this latest and most notable of all modernized versions of the scriptures. His principle throughout has been, evidently, to aim at an absolute clarity, and this often involves sacrificing music to meaning. In the case of so brilliant and conscientious a translator, it must have been a sacrifice indeed; and one can say, without any hesitation, that it is well justified in the result.

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More Books of the Week

Peabody of Groton. Frank D. Ashburn. Coward. $5.00.

THERE USED to be lamps called student lamps, with green or pink translucent glass shades. They were expensive. They gave a fine, soft yet intense light. They burned coal oil. I wish I had such a lamp wherewith to read this life of Mr. Peabody. For the book and the man are as surely period pieces as any Currier and Ives print or Rogers group. The period is merely a little later, a little more restricted. The incredible thing is that the Rector and his wife are still living, still active. And one may hope that when their dear boy, Franklin, is inaugurated for his fourth term, the Rector will be there to give his accustomed blessing.

My own connection with Groton is very tenuous, yet very vivid in memory. Since I was not the son of an alumnus, the only way I could enter the school was by competitive examination. (Characteristically, a certain number of places each year were and are held open, to be competed for, lest the community become too ingrowing.) Somehow, I was among those accepted. And so, in the fall of 1917, I was duly shipped, bag and baggage, to a little Massachusetts village lying on an undulating landscape hemmed in to the north by the higher hills of New Hampshire. It was New England's handsomest season, late September and early October. Another war was on, and the school had planted a patch of land to potatoes. One of our first assignments, in the golden afternoons, was to help harvest them. Then there was the day when we were given an essay to write, on any book we might hold in special affection. I chose what I still consider a classic, Frank Bullen's "The Cruise of the Cachelot." Evidently it had worked its magic into my mind and heart, for my essay was singled out for what I am sure was extravagant, but to me utterly thrilling, commendation . . . All this lasted exactly three weeks.

Arrangements had been made by my parents to have a Catholic cousin drive me over to Ayer every Sunday for Mass; what had never occurred to them was that I should likewise be required to attend the Episcopal Chapel at the School. When I discovered that this was, indeed, the case, I at once wrote home, and my father wrote the Rector. To no avail. The School required every boy to be present at Chapel services. There could be no exceptions. An irresistible force, an immovable object. Some quick parental footwork got me accepted at Taft, and I removed myself to the equally undulating countryside of Watertown, Connecticut. I was informed, more in sadness, that for the first time in the history of Groton a boy had been *voluntarily withdrawn*. And—surely to take me down a peg or two—my first week's marks at the new school ranged between a flat 0 and 25 (60 was passing, 100 was perfect).

In later years I was shown the letter on this subject which his good friend Horace Taft wrote to Endicott Peabody. It characterized the Rector as being of Teutonic rigidity—no mean accusation in the fall of 1917—and I have been given to understand that the Chapel rule at Groton was subsequently relaxed. Thus is progress brought to pass.

These reminiscences, of little moment in themselves, are thoroughly in character with Mr. Ashburn's period piece biography. Nearly sixty years ago Mr. Peabody founded a boarding school. It was a school on a new principle—almost an instinctive principle, rather than any fangled notion. That principle was the family. He and Mrs. Peabody and the masters and the boys were to be a family in every sense of the word. The boys were to get the sort of training a family should—but often doesn't—give. They were to get a reasonable amount of book-learning, of course, but above all they were to get character, they were to learn goodness, whatsoever is of good report. It happened that this family was distinctly well-born, was wealthy, came of splendid physical stock. Hence it could not—and did not—avoid the accusation of snobbishness. But hence it also has provided the country with a fantastically disproportionate number of leaders, especially in business and public life, if not—to the Rector's deep regret—in the ministry of the Church to which he was so passionately devoted.

Mr. Ashburn presents us with a very full picture of this achievement, and, exactly as you would expect, it is an honest picture. The vagaries, the prejudices and blind spots are there, just as much as the real goodness, the deeply Christian spirit. That such a book should appear during the Rector's lifetime is the ultimate tribute to his integrity. For however much you may smile at the oddities of the period piece, its robust honesty leads you to examine your own conscience.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Joseph Lister, Father of Modern Surgery. Rhoda Truax. Bobbs. $3.50.

Healthful Eating. A Practical Guide to Eating for Better Health. Thomas Gaines. Wagner. $2.50.

THESE two books are reviewed together because they have the odd quality of representing opposites, yet having a significant feature in common. In the Lister biography a skillful author with perfect fictional technique depicts one of the world's greatest scientists. On the other hand Gaines tells about foods, but in doing so he gives us an index of himself and many would class that self as an out-and-out quack. Yet Lister and Gaines are very similar on the most important item in the intellectual score sheet. Neither has permitted the conventionalized opinions of authorities to control his beliefs.

Joseph Lister was not born of humble parents. His childhood home was a mansion in London's outer suburbs with grounds covering seventy acres. His father was an affluent business man whose contributions to physical science were recognized by Fellowship in the Royal Society. Yet Joseph's personality unfolded in accord with the dictates of humble Quaker philosophy that enshrouded his formative years, and in a way he did represent fresh primitive stock from the genetic standpoint for he was the first of his Quaker line that English university regulations admitted to the classroom.

Early in life Lister showed an absorbing interest in natural history and while a mere boy became as expert a scientific illustrator as his father was a portrait painter, another of the elder Lister's hobbies. During Joseph's medical apprenticeship he married the daughter of his master, and this Presbyterian marriage lost for him membership in the Society of Friends, but he thereby established a home so harmonious and integrated that the two were truly helpmates and the wife must be given some credit for the great work of the husband.

From this point onward Lister moved calmly forward through the myriad difficulties that a skeptical, jealous,

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intellectually stagnated profession placed in his way, until hospitals no longer put a Miltonian hell to shame with the last agony of human beings whose living tissues rotted away. Rhoda Truax so expertly and vividly portrays this phase of Lister's life that once you begin reading it you cannot lay the book down and one is likely to wish that the conventions of adulthood did not forbid one to stain the pages with tears or to curse impotently at the human idiocy that perpetuated the pre-Lister conditions.

The biographer expresses wonderment at the fact that one so quiet, so humble, so self-effacing could have won the fight against the unintellectual opposition of surgeons and nursing sisterhoods. But it is to her credit that she gives so complete a story as frequently to afford a basis for disagreement with her conclusions. Thus, I find myself disagreeing on the reason for his victory, for surely he succeeded because he was self-effacing, because his personality did not add personal affront to the intellectual affront which his work constituted to the surgeons of his day.

Rhoda Truax drives home the magnitude of Lister's contribution to medical science by aptly contrasting the stench-filled halls of the pre-Listerian hospital where putrefaction snuffed out the lives of fifty percent of the patients, with the relatively clean hospital of today where few persons die from infection. Inevitably this gives the impression that current medical practice is not only far advanced, but is no longer subject to the same factors for stagnation as in Lister's day. That is not true, for the rut of conventionalized medical practice of the twentieth century is just as repressive as the rut from which Lister climbed, leading with him the whole medical world and freeing them on the open terrain of original thought. But those whom he led established a new rut, albeit on a much higher plane. Other great men broke from this rut and were again followed by stagnation. Thus, the story of human progress.

Lister was independent and original in thought, even though he was fully informed on the state of his science. It is easier for Gaines to be unconventional and original because he is ignorant. With the help of independence and the handicap of ignorance he advocates some revolutionary doctrines about food that well may be substantiated in the future. To one who is only slightly hamstrung by acceptance of current nutrition lore it is obvious that food plays a much greater part in health than is now credited to it. And I am not just talking about the overworked vitamin market. When will we know how to use foods? When another Lister comes along and does for food what Joseph did for surgery. And all of the many dollars being poured into the routinized research that is understood and approved by everyone and never causes a quarrel will not do it. The Rockefeller clan would have done much more for medicine had they produced one son of Joseph Lister's competence than they have with all of their millions.

J. MC A. KATER.

Freedom and Civilization. Bronislaw Malinowski. Roy. $3.50.

THIS is a useful book. What is one of the greatest needs in this age of disorderly thinking and careless talking is clear analysis of ideas and clear definitions in the terminology that expresses them. In both these requirements Malinowski's work—left by the author's death lacking his final touches, and put into orderly shape

Books by Rev. R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O. P.

Father Garrigou-Lagrange is one of the most interesting and powerful figures in the current Thomistic resurgence, for many years a member of the faculty of the Angelico, the Dominican institute of higher ecclesiastical studies in Rome. It is safe to say that no living man, not even Maritain or Sertillanges, has done more to advance the cause of Catholic thought than he. Since the death of Gardeil, his former teacher, and Hugon, his associate, he has been the regularly acknowledged leader of the Thomistic movement. One of the most prolific writers of this generation, he is at the same time one of the most powerful and profound . . . Father Garrigou-Lagrange does not owe his preeminence in the realm of Catholic thought to the number of his productions, but to the peculiar vigor and intensity of his understanding.

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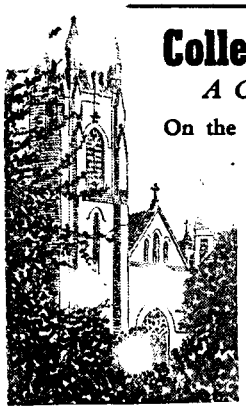

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by Madame Malinowski—is a good piece of work. It is orderly and lucid and makes easy reading despite the solid nature of the material of which it treats. Long known for his anthropological studies, the author here undertakes to trace back to their primal roots the concepts of civilization, culture, nation, state, totalitarianism, freedom, war, etc., and to bring them all together in their modern relations to each other, from which he concludes to the necessary course to be taken by the modern world if it is to continue to survive in a civilized state. He reaches substantially the same conclusion as that of Mortimer Adler (in "How to Think About War and Peace"), namely that the thing turns upon a surrender by the nations of their "sovereignty" in certain matters to a world organization—with, however, some differences in detail. This reviewer will refer the reader to the book itself for these conclusions, which follow logically enough from the preceding analysis. Fulfillment of the requirements necessary for the creation of the world organization sketched at the end of the book looks like a long job, when one realizes how many and how great are the changes it requires in modern men's "value-judgments."

Malinowski acknowledges the importance of "religion" in human culture and civilization but in his book, as in so many others of similar character, his treatment of the notion is, at least for the Catholic reader, unsatisfactory in that it rests upon the assumption that God has never revealed Himself to man. Malinowski is no nineteenth century materialist who entirely denies the reality of man's "spiritual" nature and conceives religion as the product of the body's physico-chemical reactions. But, apparently, he conceives all "religion" as on the same plane, being the result of man's vague, unaided "cultural response to the disorganizing fear of adversity and disaster," and all essentially "pragmatic." All, therefore, are "myths," but all, in their way, useful to civilization.

Now the civilization of the West to which we all belong and which we are fighting to preserve is first and last *Christian,* and its "values" were and still are the "values" which *Christianity* established on the ruins of the pagan world. Those values stand or fall according to the answer that man gives to the question: "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?" That is the most fundamental question that one man can put to another, for upon the answer will depend both men's whole exchange of "values." A "Christianity" founded by a God-Man is one thing and a "Christianity" founded by a purely human "teacher," however great, is quite another. Yet Malinowski leaves us under the impression that the above question is already decided in favor of the "teacher," whereas the Christianity which made our civilization is manifestly that given by Christ the God-Man, to the world. Consequently for us Catholics the problem of saving our "civilization" is simply that of restoring to Christendom the faith in the Founder that made it.

T. F. W.

Our Jungle Diplomacy. William Franklin Sands in collaboration with Joseph M. Lalley. North Carolina. $2.50.

THIS VOLUME is a personal indictment of the policy or lack of policy pursued by the Department of State, as illustrated in its dealings with the Central American republics, with emphasis on the first two decades of this century. Mr. Sands's connection with American diplomacy began in 1896. At that time, he

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states, there was nothing that could be called a trained diplomatic service for the United States; he is not certain, notwithstanding his efforts to inaugurate a school for diplomats, that such service has yet been developed. The trained men in the service have been largely self-trained; the really great men have often been shelved at the moment their services were most needed. It is alleged that "our course in international affairs has followed no clear purpose, that we have had no real policy." And such have been the ruinous effects of this "Our Jungle Diplomacy," that we can blame ourselves for having set the pattern for Japanese expansion, the seizure of Ethiopia, the taking of Austria and the Sudetenland and the disastrous war in which we are now engaged—"disastrous, because, counting the costs, victory for us can only be the lesser measure of defeat." It is a large and gloomy picture.

Nevertheless we have in hand a sprightly and altogether charming book. The combination of William Franklin Sands, the righteous and self-confident but genial diplomat, and Joseph M. Lalley, his ghostly accomplice for present purposes, produces anything but jungle literature. Praise and censure are delivered by the iron fist and velvet glove. The author exhibits no false modesty but deals out frank blows, naming persons and places, without rancor or inhibition. "The pruning knife of time" and immunity from diplomatic ambition or fear are both evidenced; the result is straight forward reading.

The book presents four scenes of action. Part One, "Pandora in Panama," deals with the author's special mission, under Secretary of War Taft, to Panama and the Canal Zone in 1904, resulting in the establishment of Charles Magoon as Governor-Minister. Part Two, "Dictatorship: 1906 Model," relates his adventures with the President of Guatemala, Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, resulting in the rescue of Joseph Lee, the American minister to that country, from a poison plot, and in his own return to Washington after dealing with various rackets in high places.

In Part Three, "Porfirian Twilight," some very important observations are made on Mexican character and history in general, ranging from the sources of friction between the United States and Mexico to the reasons for the downfall of Diaz and the directions of the Mexican Revolution. Reflecting on his own experiences while attached to the legation in Mexico under Ambassador David E. Thompson, whom he sincerely admired, and later, Sands declares, "I am almost convinced, however, that Taft and Knox were not following any particular course in Mexican affairs, but if they were, it was all completely reversed a few years later by Woodrow Wilson . . . The Huerta régime which thus came to power, *via* the old-fashioned Mexican route of treachery and assassination, was overthrown by the puritanical diplomatic and military measures of President Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson's repugnance to retail political murder prompted him to provide the guns and munitions for two decades of wholesale murder, robbery and civil war."

The title of Part Four, "Mammon and the Marines," tells its own story, namely "the degradation of the finest body of American fighting men, the Marine Corps, to the status of a collection agency," as an unfortunate result of the determination of the United States to protect the Latin American countries from financial racketeers by requiring that all American loans to foreign countries

This Publishing Business

In CATHOLIC ART AND CULTURE, by E. I. Watkin, the author of *The Catholic Centre* sees a unity in all Catholic art and culture from its origin in the Byzantine to its culmination in the Baroque. Beyond the sterility of modern Catholic art he sees a still greater advance in the coming Age of the Spirit.

The plan of the book is simple. It is divided into five sections: *Classical Autumn, Christian Spring; Summer: Medieval Christendom; Late Summer: The Renaissance; Autumn: The Age of Baroque;* and *Winter: The Modern World.* He traces the first development of Catholic artistic endeavor from the early writers who banned all art of the Ancient World as sheer paganism, down to the Renaissance purists who asked to read their breviaries in Greek lest the bad Latin should injure their style. The longest section of the book is that on the Age of Baroque in which Mr. Watkin finds the artistic expression of the Catholic ideal reaching its height. He rejects Ruskin and the Romanticists who called Baroque the antithesis of Gothic and finds, on the contrary, that Baroque is a continuation of Gothic, a renaissance of Gothic. He analyzes Baroque religion, Baroque art, Baroque architecture, Baroque literature, and finds them good. He sees them using classical restraint to suggest Catholic infinity. He distinguishes between the Infinity which Baroque opened up and the Indefinity which modern art, following the Romanticists, tends to worship.

What he has to say about much modern Catholic art is summed up in a notice he saw in a church porch: "Catholic repository next door to Woolworth's." But he does not end on a pessimistic note. This book is mere historical review. It is an analysis and a synthesis. Three dynamic trends are traced and in the interaction of the three is seen the spiral progress characteristic of human history as viewed by dialectical ideal realism. From this spiral progress we may expect to advance out of our present Winter of Catholic religion-culture into Spring and a new age of the Spirit. Forty illustrations, covering the whole progress of Catholic art and architecture, make the book a fine gift volume. ($3.00) —F. J. S.

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Next Week

FOR A PEOPLE'S PEACE, by F. G. Friedmann, is a stimulating suggestion that those who have been foremost in resisting fascism in Europe —within Germany as well as in the other countries—should be the ones to direct the course of the coming peace. Dr. Friedmann reaches this conclusion from a study of history. And he believes that "the first problem to be solved is how to achieve genuine representation of the will of the people."

RURAL LIFE CONFERENCE, by Edward Skillin, Jr., is a highly informal first-hand account of some of the doings out at Cincinnati, where the National Catholic Rural Life Conference has just concluded its second war time meeting. This article will attempt to indicate the rôle of folk dancing and family-emphasis in life on the farm in the United States.

EDWARD BELLAMY, by Francis Downing, is an enthusiastic study of the author of "Looking Backward", which has proved to be so good a prophecy about state distribution of goods and services—avowedly in the interest of everyone. It is a literary sketch rather than an analysis of the socialist idea of production for use.

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must be approved by the Department of State. Herein is told the story of Sands's return to Guatemala as the first full-titled Minister of the United States to that country; his encounter there with certain well-known American filibusters and politicians, leading to his resignation from the diplomatic service; and finally, his experiences as financial adviser for the New York banking concern of Speyer and Company relative to a proposed loan to the government of Ecuador. On this mission, he witnessed the downfall of the Dictator President Don Eloy Alfaro in Quito, with all the colorful, rich, bloody, comic-tragic-romantic detail of that event. Little is lost in the telling.

The final chapter, "Fruit of the Jungle," quickly summarizes our position in Latin America as one of "power politics" under various forms, the latest exhibit being that of lend-lease. "There is no essential difference," according to the author, "between our desire and determination to have friendly neighbors to the south of us and Comrade Stalin's determination to have friendly neighbors on the Western borders of Russia." And if, he concludes, the Japanese in transferring their policy from the diplomatic to the military sphere "made several serious miscalculations, we may thank our special providence rather than the statesmen and bureaucrats who planted the vast jungle in which we have lost our way." These are fighting words which we should like to see qualified.

On the other hand, these words carry a sage admonition to the effect that as a great power, the United States cannot evade its international responsibilities by any disclaimer of evil intent or by any attitude or claim of self-righteous isolation or disinterestedness. Whatever is done by our nation as such carries terrific repercussion abroad. The slightest bend of our little finger, so to speak, points a direction and carries a promise or a mighty threat to millions beyond our borders. Now on the threshhold of writing a peace and of setting up the machinery for that peace, we shall do well to recognize our responsibility and endeavor to see ourselves as others see us——a giant whose failure to make up his mind may be as tragic as the most brutal of decisions.

JAMES A. MAGNER.

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